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Vision of the Ages

A POEM

J. A. Kieffer.

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VISION OF THE AGES

AN EPIC POEM

BY

J. A. KIEFERLE

Only when one with the great Over-soul,
Can we expect to reach our heav'nly goal,
And soar amid
The myst'ries, hid
To earth-bound, self-bound mortals, who
The grandeurs of the higher life, eschew.

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BY

J. A. KIEFERLE.

PREFACE.

There is only one true gospel—the gospel of Jesus Christ. All others are counterfeit. During the course of time, this gospel received various shades of interpretation. To show the fallacy of these and to state the correct one, consistent with Revelation, is the duty of this volume.

That the word gospel means "good news of great joy" no one of common intelligence will dispute. But to whom, according to present day theology, is it good news? Only to a few—the little flock. The rest of the world, is left in judgment to eternal torture. The theory of conscious suffering after death, seems to be so tenaciously held by many professing christians, that it blots out of their minds the beauty of God's character and the simplicity of his plan for the world's redemption. The true gospel is incompatible with the doctrine of eternal torment. Is God mocking us? Has he proclaimed to the world good news of great joy, but instead is sending men to a place of torment to satisfy his fierce wrath and anger? O what a devilish thought! How men can entertain it and call themselves humane beings, is inconceivable.

What we need above all else to-day, is a diligent search for truth, regardless of its cost. How can we get it? Only thro Revelation. Christ said: "Thy Word is truth." But what is that Word? The science and the only true science which solves the problem of redemption. Truth then, being God's Word, is science. When we desire to study the divine science, we must lay aside all precon ceived ideas and theological traditions, and approach in the spirit of humility for the ground upon which we are standing is holy and cannot be profaned by man-made theories. Step by step, we must gain ground until we

have come to the full measure of the perfect stature of Christ. Nothing short of this will suffice, or we will find ourselves in a labyrinth of erroneous ideas, unable to grope our way thro, because of the intense darkness.

What is the true gospel? Selection and restitution. This age, is for the purpose of selecting a little flock, a people for his name, to bless all the families of the earth with the knowledge of the tidings of great joy. The Scriptural conception of the great I AM, is one who WILLS that ALL shall be saved and come to an exact knowledge of the truth. But this requires a universal opportunity—salvation for the dead as well as for the living.

We promise the reader, that if he investigates this subject from an unbiased standpoint and follows the Lord in obedience, he shall know whether this doctrine is of God or man. And tho the billows of doubt may rage without, the clouds of sorrow and grief hover o'er him; his eye of faith will penetrate thro the clouds, and in vision he will behold God's smile of recognition resting upon his act of obedience. Tho the whole world may ridicule him for his acceptance of the true gospel, his spirit will be as calm as the waters that cover the mighty deep; as firm as the mountains that swell their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell. Amid all trials, he will come forth more than conqueror thro him that loved us and gave himself for us. That this volume may lead some soul into the light and assist him in grasping something of the lenght and the breadth, the height and the depth of God's love for the world, is the humble prayer of the

AUTHOR.

July 7th, 1902,
Salt Lake City.

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Vision of the Ages.

DEDICATION.

To thee O God, the self-existing One
The highest Force, the world's life-giving sun,
Creator of this boundless universe,
Unwilling that the race should e'er the curse
Of Adam's sin be made to suffer in
This peaceless vale of night; to thee who in
Thy matchless mercy 'fore the world was made,
Foreseeing Adam's fall, didst plan to aid
In the redemptive work with grace divine;
Whose perfect attributes harmonious shine
When viewed in Calv'ry's sacrifice; to thee
The Father of all lights and ceaseless majesty
Who rules supreme, this book I dedicate.
'Twas not for filthy lucre's sake nor honors great
That I the heav'nly Muse implored for grace

To write these feeble lines. To win in th' race
For joint-heirship with Christ, this is the one
And only purpose of my life. When done
With life's great task, when Christ is formed in me
Then let me soar to realms of bliss and be
One of thy vessels, blessing all the race.
Within my soul, the knowledge of thy grace
As manifested in thy wondrous Plan,
Has wrought a lasting change, so that I can
No more the pleasures of this world pursue—
The old has passed away; all things are new.
O let thy blessings rest upon this book!
May it aid those whose hearts forever look,
To gain the truth; the truth shall make them free.
We only wrote with aim of pleasing thee,
Not to obtain the sinful world's applaud.
Thy sov'reign will be done. Thy name we laud.
Submissively we bow to thy command;
Whate'er the task, we give thee mind and hand.

VISION OF THE AGES.

I.

Six thousand years have passed since God creat'd
The wondrous being of his wondrous grace,
With faculties serene and great
Ne'er since developed by the fallen race.
Yes, he was perfect made. Upon his soul
He bore the image of his God which gave
To him a source of peace and joy untold
And caused him for his sweet communion crave,
And in his presence to delight. But why—
O depths of the profoundest mystery—
Should one, as fair as great, enchanted by
The devil's pow'r so disobedient be,
To break the law of God and thus to fall
Into the grasp of sin? For God foresaw
By reason of his conscious self that all

Thro Adam would transgress his sacred law
And thus deprive themselves of life. Why did
He then not change his foreknown plan and save
Us from the curse of sin? Why not forbid
That we become the captives of the grave
In which there is no light? But praise to Thee
O God! In thy eternal plan as in
Thy Word revealed, I now this mystery
Can solve. Alone thro grave and death and sin
Could man the sad and bitter lessons learn
That make him fit for new earth's majesty.
That teach him all the devil's charms to spurn
And thro Christ's law to set his being free.
'Tis true that God could have prevented sin
O'er us to reign and intervened before
The fall took place. But would not that have been
A great defeat of his own plan? Therefore
Let men adore his wondrous might and bow
Before his manifested works. The fact
That he permitted sin, to us should show
A gracious, noble and a purposed act
Which must work out some greater good. His great
And noble purpose was to manifest
His righteous law of love. Did he create
Us with a sense of right and wrong? Then let
No man misjudge the work of God. To make
Us otherwise, we would have been but mere
Machines; yea lower than the beasts that take
The venomed sting without least sign of fear.
Yet after man had fallen into sin

God placed the world that was into the pow'r
Of angel hands to rule and keep it in
The limits of the right. But like a tow'r
Its sins grew unto heav'n. Men forgot
The Maker's great command to heed his voice
That spake within their souls. And on the spot
Where blood was open shed, was heard the noise
Of merry dance. The youth rushed forth to gain
His bride and then to plunge into deep crime.
And O thro wrath the many thousands slain
Are unknown in the annals of earth's time.
So great was sin that God did hide his face
And in his righteous wrath and anger swore
Destruction to the human race
Which made that world exist no more.

II.

Yet God's eternal plan was not complete
When he destroyed the world that was. He knew
What men above all else would need
Was one who could their wicked hearts renew.
But to accomplish this 'twas needful that
Thro preparation, sinful man be taught
The folly of his evil will. Begat
Not God in love this plan, 'twere naught
For man to strive to gain his former place
Of fellowship with him, for held by sin
In captive chains of night, the human race
Could ne'er a spotless, pure condition win.
So God a second epoch still unfurled

To human view, that his great plan might reach
Its utmost height—the present evil world,
As us the Sacred Scriptures plainly teach.
And in this world three ages stand displayed
Which all progressive toward a purpose work.
Why then should Christians ever be dismayed
Tho e'en the tempter in their midst may lurk?
Is not the God who formed the earth, endowed
With might to keep our trembling soul?
Is not his Word eternal, changeless, bowed
Before by all the years that o'er us roll?
He is the truth that changeless stands tho e'en
The sun should melt from its own heat and stars
Should fade and th' moon her lustre lose. Yet in
This all, his noble purpose never mars.
But why thus called, the present evil world?
Does naught of good exist? Ah yes, the child
Of God is in the world and still unfurled
Waves Christ's blood-cover'd banner high, tho wild
The evolution billows roar. 'Tis called
An evil world because the devil rules
And is the prince thereof. He holds enthralled
The world of man in sin. They are his tools.
How's this? Satan the prince thereof? Are we
Not taught that Christ is king and reigns to day?
Alas how sad that men of thought can be
So ignorant of what the Scriptures say.
If Christ did reign today, this world would be
A better world. Sin, poverty and pain
Would cease and only truth entirely free

From dross, could 'mong the nations foothold gain.
"My Kingdom," saith the Lord, "is not of this
Perverted world." The reason? Satan is
The prince thereof. But why does satan reign?
Did God grant him this pow'r? Ah no. At first
The perfect man was king. But by the stain
Of sin, because of which the earth was cursed,
He lost his right and ever since that bane
He's been the vasal of the "evil one."
But praise the Lord, when Jesus takes his throne
When all the saints their crowns have won,
Then shall the dying race no longer groan
With pangs of sin, for satan will be bound
A thousand years, and Michael will be king
In all the land. The glorious news will sound
Throughout the earth, "salvation doth he bring
Who sitteth on the throne." O world rejoice!
Long hast thou dwelt in sin's dark night.
Ere long shalt thou receive a grander choice —
'Tween death and life, 'tween wrong and right.
Yes, soon this world will end. The prophet says:
"The present Heavens and the Earth
Are by the same Word treasured up,
Kept for a Fire unto a Day
Of Judgment and Destruction
Of impious men..... In which
The Heav'ns shall pass away with
Rushing sound; the Elements
Shall melt with fervent heat; the Earth
And all her works shall be consumed."

What kind of fire is this? Not literal.
But let us search the Scriptures less
We too misguided be like those who fell
Into absurdities by failing to behold
The harmony of God's eternal Plan.
By Israel's ancient Seer we are told,
"The Earth fore'er remaineth." Can
This mean a lit'ral conflagration? No.
Yet some will say, "The earth is not to be
Consumed by fire, but it will undergo
A purifying process and thus he
Who made it, will transform the same into
A paradise for his beloved." Is this
What Peter means? If so, 'tis something new
To me. Much wonder that the Bible is
By sceptics sneered at when its advocates
Belittle it by claiming for it what
It does not teach? We're told that fire awaits
The earth for utter consummation. Not
A lit'ral fire nor lit'ral earth. And ask
You why? Tho hard and difficult the task
Unless we have the key by which we can
Behold the Scriptures in their harmony,
Still would our search be blest. Th' eternal plan
Altho to all the world a mystery
Can yet be known by him who seeks divine
Direction in his search for truth. On him
Alone illuminating powers shine
Whose life is full, o'erflowing to the brim
With deep submission; else his mind is dark.

Inquiring thus, we learn the nature of
The coming fire. *To th' ancient Seer hark!
He tells us that the God of justice, love
And might, will yet bring order out of the
Chaotic state, when he begins his task
Of lifting man from depths of sin to be
His own and in his mercy's sunshine bask.
But ere that time a jealous fire will burn,
Consuming all the earth. A jealous fire
Consume a lit'ral earth? Displeased we turn
Away from such interpretation. Th' fire
Symbolic is and so the earth. What can
It mean? Complete destruction of
The present social fabric, which to man
Has been a reign of woe. In th' past, not love
Has ruled the world, but gain of wealth and hate.
The race is mad; its reason is deranged.
Men dwell 'mong beasts, from small e'en unto great
Until their "seven times" are passed, ere changed
They'll be to human state. Yet dreadful the
Transition, for 'twill cause destruction vast
And limitless. Its terrors, none can flee.
E'en now it is at hand. O, that 'twere past!

III.

The waves of air are pregnant with the sound
Of clashing weapons stained with blood, as when
In battle rage; with beat of drum. The ground
Is trembling 'neath the march of angry men

* Zephaniah 3: 8,9.

Who sway o'er land a countless multitude,
And right and left deal heavy blows to wealth.
Was e'er such tumult seen, such practice rude
Invading lives of men with steel, by stealth?
Look yon! A crowd of men with banners red,
Inscribed, "Let live or die, we want not gold
but bread,"
Led by a leader with a giant form,
Are marching northward —vanguards of a storm.
What seek ye men? Why roam ye thro the land?
By the eternal God, I say, disband!
Let not your anger reach its utmost height.
Be calm! Abhor the wrong, stand for the right.
Ye harken not! But louder grows your shout!
What is this wild commotion all about?
Are ye not men? As men then reason right!
Cast not aside true wisdom's holy light.
Indeed you've suffered much. Your children died
From lack of food, and many nights you sighed
Because you knew the foll'wing day
Had naught for you but horror and dismay.
You spent your strength, but the returns were
small,
While others lounged with ease in palace-hall.
You cried for bread, your cry unheard remained
While in your soul the sense of pride was pained.
You sought to gain by law your just demands,
But lo! the laws were changed by fiendish hands.
Your brow was wet with blood, your form was bent
Beneath life's heavy load. Your heart was rent

In twain at sight of misery that cried
For vengeance on oppression spreading wide.
You knew not what the future had in store
If time the despotism onward bore.
Yet why should ye be led to follow in
The footpath of the despot's dreadful sin?
Why not return to homes where calmness waits
To lead you thro reflection's golden gates,
To realms where only love supremely reigns
And ev'ry sinful thought and act disdains?
O wickedness! Unheeding my advice!
Alas, you'll have to suffer for it thrice.
I see them step before a mansion great—
Their eyes are fixed, their smile betrays deep hate.
To him within they cry, "come down,
You money-hoarder, robber, devil's clown.
We have enough of this; the time has come
When man to man we rise above the slum
To reap the harvest, casting 'side the tares
And claiming for each one his equal shares
Of right. No more shall king or prince rule o'er
These heads but freedom dwell from shore to shore.
We are the kings; the kingdom is for all
And not for him alone who dwells in palace-hall.
The one who made us, made us free to dwell
On earth, and not to groan in th' pauper's hell.
Your cup is full. Now drink it down and die
With anguish great. Your carcass soon will lie
Where fowls of air and wolves will seek their prey.
What haste? Come down, we say.

No time for idle words! Too late you see
The folly of your crime. Come down or we
Will break thro doors. Ah, plead for pity now?
We also plead but plead in vain for thou
Didst scorn our cry. When anger rules
The sense of pity dies. We're not the fools
Of yesterday, but now demand our equal right.
Long have we suffered in oppression's night."
The inmate sees that prayers will not prevail,
So he unlocks his covers with a wail,
And out he casts his silver and his gold,
For greed of which he had his conscience sold.
But lo! the crowd replies with fiendish smile.
The gold remains untouched. Another pile
He throws before their feet and pleads that they
Might spare his life and go their way.
But louder grows their cry for vengeance and
Each one stands ready at the first command
To jump upon his victim like the beast
Jumps on his prey. They act as if a feast
Of fat things were prepared for them. Not one
Is calm. And see! What has the rabble done?
The doors are down. In one great mass they
stream
Into the rich man's room. Their eyes full-gleam
With wrath. "We want your life. Lay down
your head
Upon this couch. Ah, cursed one dost thou dread
To face the coming judgment day?
Kneel then before thy God and pray.

Implore high heaven's mercy on thy soul,
Lest billows of destruction o'er thee roll.
Lay down thy hoary head without delay."
With quivering frame the rich man doth obey.
At one hard stroke the head falls to the ground,
While merry laughter goes the room around.
Not satisfied, they seek his wife and child
And fall on them like beasts, ferocious, wild.
Then to the flames they give the mansion great,
The object of a dreadful fate.
You say, 'tis horrible! Then wait until
You hear what bloody deeds will follow still.
The news is brought that thrones are tottering
The world around. Altho the wealthy cling
Tenaciously to life, their pleadings die
On deafened ears. They hear the cry
Of vengeance rolling on the waves of air.
They plan resistance, yet not one will dare
Raise hand or sword. Somehow they feel
the crowd
Is stronger now than when it humbly bowed
Before them as its money-kings. They see
Their judgment drawing nigh. Yet none can flee.
When heaven speaks, earth's mortals must obey.
"Vengeance is mine," saith God, "I will repay."
Doth he repay too much? Speak men of dust!
Are not his awful judgments just?
Do you deserve less than you now receive?
What is our lot when we the path of justice leave?
The chaos spreads. The state sinks 'neath

the blow
Of anarchy's advance. And lo!
What yesterday seemed like a mighty tow'r
Of wealth combined, is fallen at the pow'r
Of labor's rage.
Yes, this is *the* great day
Of wrath, which all the world o'er holds its sway.
A day of dread to those who turned their backs
on him,
Who daily worshipped by the seraphim.
Rules in the heavens high and e'en on earth
Wields mightily his pow'r. 'Tis grief, not mirth
When he in scales of justice weighs, all those
Who 'gainst his flock in persecution 'rose,
And wrote with blood the record of their crime.
It was earth's blackest stain, its darkest time.
O dreadful day, foretold by Seers of eld,
Who in their hands, heav'n's brightest promise
held,
To those that would obey but awful dread
To those who in their willfulness would spread
Their wicked works. Thou art the day
In which not e'en the mighty ones can say
That they are safe, for when they think they
stand
They're overthrown by God's almighty hand.
Thou dreadful day, thou seest no church on
earth
Now made immortal at her second birth.
No church nor Christ, O state of great despair,

Which never found its equal anywhere!
Thou dreadful day, thou seest a conflict great,
Between earth's wealth and those who long have wait'd
For recognition of their equal right.
Their time has come. They'd rather die in th' fight
Than to remain the rich man's slave. Nor can
The wealthy ever blame the working-man.
Thou dreadful day, thou seest the downfall of
Great Babylon, who oft in pride did scoff
At Jesus' little flock which would not buy
Her silver and her gold. And ask'st thou why?
Because her heart is filthy to the core
And from her mouth great swelling words did pour
Which are abomination in the sight
Of him who rules with terror and with might.
But lo! her sins have reached unto the sky
Whose pow'r she nevermore will dare defy.
In one brief hour is she to be consumed
To which she was from all beginning doomed.
This is the day in which God's wrath like fire
Falls on the wicked world in terror dire.
This is the day, in which destruction reigns
On sea, in vale, on hills and plains.
This is the day in which this evil world will end,
The day in which all knees before him bend,
In willingness or force, for God doth reign.
All opposition 'gainst him, is in vain.
This is the jealous fire which will consume
The social earth. It is a dreadful doom

But just. Spread on then, day of Lord. spread on!
Thy work is vast and terrible to gaze upon.

IV.

Thus have I sung of how the world will end.
And now O heavenly Muse thy spirit send
That I may show God's purpose with the race
In ages past. O, let me see thy face
O'er-beaming with a tender smile, for I
Am dreary and the clouds in yonder sky
Forebodings are of certain ill. My heart
Is sad. I long to act true self's great part.
But lo! hemmed in by walls of grief, I can
Ne'er life's vast hill of noble pursuit scan.
Take pity on me; give me wings to fly
And soar in boundless realms of thought, that I
Might show the secret of the grandest plan
E'er manifested to the mind of mortal man.
Illuminate my mind! Make darkness disappear,
And grant to me, O Muse, a vision clear.
Like Milton, lead me to the sacred peak
The sphere of life, where I may seek
Unbound, to probe the knowledge of all good
And make it known unto the brother-hood.

Too long has man been kept in ignorance
Of his true destiny. One single glance
At orthodoxy's creeds, will show that they
Were "hatched" to keep us from the way
Of truth. Therefore O light shine forth that we
Might understand the grand philosophy

Of human life. Our urgent inquiry
Is not a shameless curiosity,
But a deep longing of the soul, to know
Why we were placed into this world of woe.

Why all this suff'ring, why the curse of sin?
Did God create the race that he might in
His dreadful anger send them to the realm,
Where everlasting burnings over-whelm
But ne'er consume the soul? Did he
The consequences of the fall foresee,
And failed to intervene while jaws of hell
Stood open to devour? O canst thou tell,
How I may know, thou ever-present light,
What harmony this bears to th' sense of right?
Or did the all-pervading Life create
The world, but by one master-stroke thro hate,
The evil one o'er-threw his wondrous plan?
What part then in the dreadful fall, hath man?
Or more, is hell our awful destiny,
Which God conceived throughout eternity?
Alas, how sad that man, endued with grace and love,
Ascribes such attributes to God above.

Whence came the doctrine of eternal hell?
'Twas hatched in ages dark by priest-craft fell.
'Twas used to drive into the church's fold,
The heathen 'round; to gain a stronger hold
Upon the conscience of the laity.
We too once clung to such philosophy,
But praise the Lord our eyes were opened wide,

So that the creeds of Babylon no more can hide,
The greatness of God's mercy from our view.
The comprehension of his plan, a new
And never sought for field of thought has ope'd,
Which makes us sad to think that we have groped
So long in error's dreadful night,
Unguided by the hope of heaven's light.

What then has been God's purpose in the past?
Was it to save the world from darkness vast?
If so, his work has been a failure great.
Look on the world which he did first create.
What heed did they to Noah's message give?
How few thro that destroying flood did live,
To tell the justice of God's judgment true
And their allegiance to him to renew?
Save Noah and his own, all sank within
The flood's deep waters—caused by dreadful sin.
Is e'er God's noble work a failure, pray?
Or doth he merely with his creatures play?

From what, to what, was Noah saved, pray tell?
To heaven's realms from claws of awful hell?
Or from cessation in the flood? What right
Then has the church to claim that present light
By which we view the heavenly honors, shone
Upon the world that was? We, who have grown
In knowledge of God's wondrous plan
Await not such a dreadful doom for man.

The patriarchal age. God's purpose there
Was to select from 'mong earth's fair

And noble souls, such agents as could see
The dawning of his grace so full and free,
And be recipients of the knowledge true
Concerning his great plan, brought to their view–
The knowledge of the *preparation* made
To execute that plan, so long delayed.

The ev'ning sky, aglow with starry lights,
Smiled on the silent vale and mountain heights.
While Abram sat beside the glist'ning stream—
His gaze fixed deep as if in solemn dream
A voice from heaven, sudden spake.
His face turned pale, his frame began to shake.
"Thy country and thy kindred leave, and go
Unto a distant land which I will show
To thee. There shall thy seed be multiplied.
There shall thy name be honored far and wide.
Thou shalt become a blessing to the world,
Until sin's pow'r is from this planet hurled."
He thus obeyed and to the holy land
He journeyed till he reached far Jordan's strand.
And there his name was changed to Abraham
Because he trusted in the great I AM.
What does this teach? Selection. Why did God
Choose him alone 'mong thousands scattered
'broad?
If torment is the consequence of th' fall,
Why then did not the Lord choose all?
Could you believe in God as just and wise
Who could behold the pain and hear the sighs

Of billions suff'ring in the realm of woe
And not a sign of love or pity show,
Or choose 'mong thousands only one?
Ah, such a God, my heart would shun.
God's purpose then was not to save the world,
Before the tempter from his throne was hurled,
But to select a class of righteous men,
To trust the knowledge of his plan to them.

The Jewish age. God's purpose there, again
Selection was, but not of single men.
He chose a nation to obey his will,
The promise of earth's future glory to fulfill.
"You only have I known" said God, "'mong all
The nations of the earth." Therefore his call
To them, *excluded* all not of that race.
How then shall these e'er see his wondrous grace,
If hope dies at death's portal dark,
And even time doth show to them no spark
Of God's eternal love? Is that the way
His love and wisdom exercise their sway?
Ah no, my God is not the product of
Man's feeble brain. His attribute is love.
I worship him because he leads aright,
Tho 'round me gather shades of sin's dark night.

In God's due time the Saviour came to die.
He saw man's grief and heard his plaintive sigh
For light—the light that 'lluminates the mind,
And helps us harmony with God to find.
He came unto his own, and yet his own

Left him to fight the tempter's wiles alone.
Yea more, they hated him and said that he
Was of the devil and thus could not be
Their promised king. His state was humble, still
His one desire was to obey God's will.

My mind, in vision, goes to yonder days.
I see the city sparkling in the rays
Of light. The temple once the sacred place
Of God, is turned into a market base.
And lo! what seeks that crowd? Why throng
they round
That pale faced mortal down-bent by the weight
Of grief? What means that moaning sound
Of voices rude which manifests such hate?
He is no criminal, for see his face
Beams with a smile of deepest sympathy.
He looks like one of God's perfected race,
Come orth from fiery trial victoriously.

Stand back thou brutal crowd, and dare not lay
Thy hands upon this holy man, or thou
Wilt yet behold a greater curse some day
Than that which on thy head is resting now.
Stand back! What has he done to make thee cry
Like wolves for stainless blood? A prophet? O,
How many by thy cruel hand did die
Because they would not stoop themselves so low
As to behold thy crimes without a blush.
Let shame on shame take hold of thee. Behold
Thy terr'ble doom, God's awful curse, like rush

Of torrent will o'er-take thee when thy bold
And mighty men, cry "peace" when they should
wail.
Where tak'st thou him? Why lay that heavy cross
On shoulders feeble, frame so frail?
Dost thou not comprehend his dreadful loss
Of blood, resulting from his scourging, grief
O'er sin? Ah yes thou wilt not hear. And yet
This noble sufferer finds his relief
In knowledge that his God will not forget
Him while he bears that cross—a ransom price
For fallen man. A ransom price. Rejoice
O world, thy Lord hath made the sacrifice
That in his day thou mayest hear his voice
And leave thy tomb. The man of sorrows then
Will bless thee with the tidings of great joy;
Will lead thee on in endless ages, when
He doth all evil from the earth destroy.
An "anti-lutron" Christ the Saviour is.
O heart be glad, and know that this
Is super-human, for the plan
Could ne'er have been conceived by mortal man.

Hail Son of God; thou thrice beloved Son!
Tho' all the world thy person shun
And nail thee to the cruel tree,
Yet will I humbly worship thee.
Far more than earth's un-numbered wealth.
Oft gained by men through secret stealth,
Art thou to me, Redeemer of man-kind.

For by thy grace, I, heaven's glory find.
The world denies thy ransom-sacrifice;
Still thou didst pay the necessary price,
That in due time the race, may tread the way
Which leads from death's domain, to endless day.
What was the price? Thy life, existence, all
That Adam did enjoy before the fall.
Thou wast a perfect man, not man and God
Or else thy blood could not the race have bought.
The God-man theory is a fiendish lie—
A Papal doctrine, which with shame will die
When truth supremely reigns. To us there is
But one and only one creator. This
The Scriptures plainly teach. How can
The human and divine be found in man?
As man then thou didst give thy life that all
Might rescued be from th' consequence of Adam's
fall.
What tribute shall I bring to thee,
For this redemptive work, which all shall see?
How may I spend my life in useful ways
And render thee my heart-felt songs of praise?
The world will yet for help, look to above,
And recognize the greatness of thy love.

The Gospel age. God's purpose gain
Selection is of individual men
And women who can see the heav'nly prize
And run for it in spite of sacrifice.
This class is but a little company.

Their one desire is to be ever free
From earthly dross. From morn till night
They follow on to reach the heav'nly light.
This earth is not their home. Tho living, yet
They are to all the world forever dead, to let
The Christ be formed within. How grand
To find a little consecrated band,
Amid earth's pleasures, yearn for realms above,
Where dwell supremely happiness and love.
What is the nature of this heavenly prize
For which this flock makes such a sacrifice?
Joint-heirship with their Lord, equality
In ruler-ship, to live in majesty
With God. O blessing great, beyond comparison,
Who would not for such glowing honors run?
The mind is dark indeed, which cannot see
The glory of such endless majesty.

Thou little flock, forsaken and despised,
Neglected by the world and oft chastised,
Thy Lord will yet exalt thee in due time.
These trials are but a prelude to the rhymes
Of yonder bliss, when free from grief and pain
Thou wilt with Christ in glory reign.
Thy Father called thee, in the night of sin,
Immortal honors in life's race to win.
Thy name is written in Jehovah's mind.
Thrice blest art thou of human-kind.
Be calm, tho grief's wild billows o'er thee roll,
They cannot hurt, but purify thy soul.

V.

The sun had traveled toward the western sky;
The fleecy clouds sailed in the heavens high;
The air was fragrant with the ev'ning dew
And o'er the vale, the zephyrs softly blew.
With Milton in my hand, I read within my bow'r,
Where oft I sat in autumn's twilight hour
With Lotta—angel of my life and gazed
Into her dark blue eyes, where blazed
Love's radiant flame. Deep silence reigned around,
Save now and then the barking of a hound.
I seemed to dream. My mind was far away,
In days, when youth's fair spirit held its sway.
I saw the homestead old; the lake beside
The town, on which we rowed at even-tide,
And sang to music sweet; a paradise
It seemed, unbroken by earth's pains or sighs.
But suddenly a voice, a stone's throw 'way,
Aroused me from my dream. I heard it say
In plaintive tones, that still abide with me:
"O that this earth, robbed of all majesty,
Were still the happy home of mortals fair,
As 'twas, when God the first created pair
Placed into paradise, the object of
His boundless, ceaseless, uncreated love.
How sad that man his first state did not keep,
But 'llowed sin's lust, into his soul to creep.
And since that day, the race into the tomb
By millions rush — a state of deepest gloom.

And I, once in yon realms, an angel bright,
Am made to suffer in this dreadful night.
I see the present full of changes great,
But do not know, when anguish will abate.
O could I rise to realms of bliss once more,
And dwell with God on that celestial shore."

"Whence came that voice," I said, "Who dare intrude
My private park? Who is the villian rude?"
And jumping up, I spied a maiden fair,
With dark blue eyes and golden hair.
The picture of an angel bright,
She stood before me in the evening light.
"Who can it be? Such beauty, I
Have never gazed on in the years gone by.
Speak maiden fair. Why art thou here?
Some forlorn soul, perchance, I fear.
Altho this park of mine, is private place,
Yet be assured, it hath for thee an ample space.
Come, take my hand and sit thee down to rest,
And let these roses 'dorn thy heaving breast.
What is thy name? Art thou a stranger here?
Be not afraid to tell me, maiden dear.
My mission is to save; to point the wayward soul,
To heaven's bright and never-fading goal."

With blushes deep, she made reply. "My name
Is Dena. Dena? Yes, and hither came,
To see this lovely place. I take delight
In gazing on these flowers bright.

My fainting soul loves to behold the pure,
Which strengthens it, life's trials to endure.
For as the sun now sets behind the western hill,
So death, some day, this throbbing heart will still.
I know not why I live, but this I know,
That to the God of love, my life I owe.
How sad that man, held captive in sin's chain,
For ages past, has suffered endless pain.
Why did our God, allow the evil one such might
To drag the race, into death's dreadful night?
I do not grumble at his providence,
But I would know the fountain, whence
The present evil sprang."

"Thy inquiry,"
I said, "is one of highest dignity.
A thousand minds have tried to solve this great,
Perplexing problem of man's fallen state,
But few have known the grandeur of God's plan
To elevate the race of man.
This is indeed a dreadful night of woe,
But soon the groaning, dying world will know
That God is love, and that his holy will,
Throughout the universe, is reigning still.
What is that will? To give the race again
What they erst-while posessed, but seek in vain
Until God's kingdom is set up, when he
Who died upon the cross of Calvary
Will lead the captives forth."

"Dost thou believe,"
She asked, "that we will 'gain receive

Our paradisial home? O that 'twere true,
For then would I become a creature new."

"Why dost thou doubt? Believe that he who made
The universe, hath pow'r to re-create
The race, and even paradise.
O let thy thoughts, above sin's discord rise,
To view God's perfect attributes, then will
Thy mind be calm, and what erst-while seemed ill
And out of tune, will show itself to thee
As one eternal plan of love which he
Will manifest to all, in his due time.
To me that plan seems noble, grand, sublime."

"I know that somewhere in God's Word, 'tis said—
Me thinks that, yesterday the very words I read—
That satan will be bound and Christ will reign,
To save the dying world from grief and pain.
But what of those who long since dead? Will they
Participate in this redemption pray?
Or are they lost, fore'er extinct, to be
An object lesson for the future race, to see?
And what of those whom God did not select?
Are they because of this, forever wrecked?
Is there no hope for them beyond the grave,
From everlasting death their souls to save?"

"Ah yes, my child," I said, "Christ died for all,
And only wilfull sin could cause their endless fall.
In Adam, all are dead, but Christ shall make

Each one alive. His saving pow'r will break
The prison doors of death; destroy the foe,
Which for the ages past, has caused man
countless woe.
If in the past, God's purpose was to choose
Such as he could for higher honors use,
Then he must give to them a chance, who were
Not favored thus, before they can incur
The penalty of th' second death."

"But how will they,
Receive this chance? This question answer, pray."

"I will. If Christ is man's great substitute
And by that work has satisfied the attributes
Of God, then all belong to him by right
Of purchase. Think you he would 'llow the night
Of sin continue its dread reign
O'er his dear-bought possession to remain?
Or would he not, as Lord of all, release
The race, that sin and death might cease?
What was the penalty pronounced on man?
Pray answer this my fair one, if thou can.
Was it eternal hell, or endless death—
Extinction, by removal of his breath?
The latter one? Then what did Jesus pay?
And from what will he save us in his day?
What did we lose, when father Adam fell?
Do not the Scriptures plainly tell?
'Twas perfect human life and paradise,
And not the spirit realms beyond the skies.

Then sure as God doth reign in heav'n bove,
Who is the author of all perfect love,
So sure will man receive what he has lost,
Because the Saviour, by his blood, has paid the cost.

"But what of us, who are— yet I must go,
For I dare not let dying mortals know,
The nature of my being, nor why I
Have left the realms beyond the sky."

"The nature of thy being? Maiden, speak.
If thou art not a mortal, tell me, what dost seek
Among the race? Art thou an angel pure,
Or fallen one? Suspense I can't endure,
So thus reply at once."

But suddenly,
And faster than my feeble eyes could see,
She vanished out of sight. I was alone.
Upon my heart there seemed to rest a stone.
"O Lord," said I, "why this strange scene?
I pray thee let me know, what it doth mean.
Let me not fall into the tempter's pow'r,
But give me grace to stand each day and hour.
Thy name I love; to thee will I be true,
Tho e'en the joys of life be few.
O breathe on me thy grief-subduing peace,
And grant my feeble faith a rich increase."
Somewhat encouraged by that prayer, I hied
Into my room and thro my lattice gazed upon the wide

Expanse of heav'n, until the night
Advanced. Then with a fond delight
I read the Word, and laid myself to rest;
Content to know, tho strange the scene, the Lord
knew best.

'Twas eve. Two weeks had fled since I had
seen
That female form. The days between,
I spent in earnest prayer. My work gave me
But little idle time. I felt that she
Who thus disturbed my peace, was anxious still
To dwarf the purpose of my will.
So ev'ry thought of her, I cast aside,
And prayed God's spirit on my soul to 'bide.
But lo! while in the preparation of
A sermon, on the greatness of God's love,
I heard a voice, sing to a music sweet:

"Du liebes Kind, komm geh' mit mir,
Gar schoene spiele, spiel ich mit dir.'

"What doth this mean?" And springing to my
feet,
I rushed into the drawing room, whence came
The voice. Yet ev'rything, appeared the same
As when I left it sev'ral hours before.
"Thy strength, O God of love, I would implore.
Is this a dream? Or hath that evil one,
To music sweet, those verses sung?"
Again I went to work; the more, for fear
My idleness would make her re-appear.

With trembling hands, I wrote "The greatness of
Our heavenly Father's boundless love
Toward fallen man is shown in the
Great sacrifice of Christ, which he
Made in due time," when lo! that voice again
I heard. I threw aside my pen
And rushed into the room. What did I see?
That maid sat by the instrument and smilingly
Bade me "good eve."

"What dost thou here?"
I asked. "Why hast thou left thy hell? I fear
Thy company affords me little joy.
It even might my soul destroy
If I indulged too much. Therefore I pray
Thee by the pow'rs of heaven, go away,
And leave me with my God alone."

To this she made reply: "If I had known
That thou wouldst not appreciate what she,
Who now in yonder realms, still loveth thee,
Has sent me here to say, these feet would not
Have carried me to earth. Is this the lot
Which I deserve for service? Thou
Wilt yet before me humbly bow
When I will demonstrate to thee,
How I can of much service be."

"Thy services are not required. My trust
Lies in the living God. Therefore I must
Refuse thy aid. Thou art a cast-away.
What fellow-ship, hath night with day?"

The trial was severe, but God did not forsake.
The demon fled, and to me, softly spake
My guardian angel: "Fear not, son.
This battle, thou hast bravely won.
Look up. Dost see that golden crown?
It is for thee. If thou hadst fallen down
To worship satan's emissary, darkest night
Would have sorrounded thee; instead, the light
Of God's eternal Truth shall shine upon
Thy pilgrim path, to lead thee on and on
Until thou reachest heaven's happy goal—
The home of ev'ry consecrated soul.
Remember that the powers of light
And darkness are at war. The night
Of sin has lasted long, but soon the morn
Of Christ's millennial reign will fully dawn.
Then all the world shall know that Zion stands
Upon the mountain tops; and distant lands
Shall pay their homage to the King of kings,
While thro the universe his praises soar
on ether wings.
Then shall the Gospel, thro His Seer restored,
Be preached till ev'ry knee shall bow before
the Lord;
And those that willingly obey
His Word, shall walk upon the "holy way"
Until they reach the perfect goal. Be true.
The good adore and seek; the wrong eschew.
Life's battle may be hard, but it will gain for thee
A place 'mong heaven's noble, pure, and free.

Thou art a child of God. Do not despair;
The Lord will hear thy humble prayer
For guidance on the narrow way.
Thy heart may cease to beat; thy form decay,
Yet shalt thou rise on wings to yonder height
Where streams of joy roll on in endless light."
Auspicious plan! when life is full of woe
And e'en the stars their light refuse to show;
When winds and waves, my little bark delay,
And to the eye, the shore seems far away;
When made to suffer for the Gospel's sake,
The chords of grief within my soul awake;
When sorrow's vale, affords a doleful view
And robs hope's mountain of its azure hue;
I seek, a way-worn soul, thy summer bow'r
To claim thy saving and thy keeping pow'r.
Friend of the meek! without thy piercing light,
Our minds would grope in dark confusion's night.
O grant that we may never go astray,
Nor yield our faith to doubtings or dismay.
For God's great purpose in the ages past,
Is reaching now its consummation, fast.
Where is the soul bent down by weight of care,
Which fails amid life's griefs, hope's joys to share,
Unblest by thoughts that point the fainting eye
To nature's God, who heareth ev'ry sigh?
Let him, by faith, in vision scan
Redemption's fathomless and sacred Plan.
Then heav'n will smile with perfect love,
And hymns of praise, will rise to God above.

NATURE'S HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Eternal One! who rules the universe,
And in thy works thy mighty name didst carve;
To thee my heart ascends in prayer, while low
And prostrate at thy feet I fall within
These silent woods. How solemn is the thought
That thou art near; and in the breeze
Which lulls the leaves to sleep in fall, thy voice
Speaks to my soul in an unknown yet not
Uncomprehensive tongue. Communion here I hold
With thee which ne'er a mortal understands
Unless his inward eye can penetrate
Pure nature's secret depths. The little birds
That softly sing while hopping to and fro
In yonder birchen trees, teach me to give
All praise and glory to thy name and turn
Each beating of my pulse into
A silent prayer.

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This is a house of God
In which the nature-world adores the might
Of him who rules supreme and who, with love
And tender care keeps watch o'er all that he
Hath made. When all around me gloomy seems
And e'en my soul in courage fails, I come
To this fond, hallowed place—all nature's house
Of prayer. See how the trees in beauty clad
Stand firm, erect and tall, beside the stream
That murmurs, as it softly flows, some soft
Inspiring tune, which wakens in my soul
A sense of awe toward him whose eye divine
Doth penetrate my heart. O list! Upon the waves
Of air, there rolls a deep and roaring sound
As from some savage beast. But peace my soul,
For he is near who gave these woods their birth,
And hears thy prayer which from thy depths
To him ascends. If he the sparrows feeds
And clothes the lilies of the fields and in
The fiery furnace, sends angelic help,
Will he not also place his hand on thy
Defenceless head, while in these woods, which
Are all nature's house of prayer?
Here let me dwell where naught my soul disturbs
While meditative up to God she looks,
Who is the source of all her peace and joy.
Yea, even when my heart has ceased to beat
And life has gone to him from whence it came;
Dig here a grave for me and let me sleep
Until the resurrection morn.

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